

La Libertà Inglese

11431 e 8

CONSOLATA. 1-3.

O D E.

DEL CONTE MEDINI,

MEMBRO DELL' ACCADEMA, REALE DI MANTOVA,

DI QUELLA DI FIRENZE, &c.

L O N D R A,

1787.

THE LIBRARY

OF THE



LA LIBERTÀ INGLESE
CONSOLATA.

O D E.

ALLOR che del gran Pitt l'alma falita

Era fra gli astri alla nativa sfera,

Oh come sbigottita

Fu Libertà, che sul Tamigi impera !

Cinse la fronte di feral cipresso,

E dell' aspro fucceſſo

Si dolse sì, che in lagrime disciolto

Il duol turbò la maestà del volto.

Ahimè !

Ahimè ! proruppe in flebile tenore,
 Dacchè perdei de' sette colli il nido,
 Cinta d' alto splendore
 Sol mercè Pitt viſs'io ſu queſto lido.
 Altera sì delle ſue geſta andai,
 Che più non rammentai,
 Qual fui ſul Tebbro ſotto altro ſemblante
 Con le ſpoglie del mondo a me davante.

Per opra ſua di navi bellicofe
 Il popol mio coperſe i mari tutti,
 E leggi imperioſe,
 Oltre l'uſato, egli dettò ſu i flutti,
 Fulmini contro lui lanciaro invano
 Il Gallo e inſiem l'Iſpano;
 Diſſipati e ſconfitti ambo del pari
 L'Anglica forza dimoſtrarò ai mari.

Se dell' India contesa il fuol fecondo

A' nostri erarj ampie ricchezze accrebbe ;

Se nel novello mondo,

Frutto d'alto valor, l'impero crebbe ;

Se l'oceàn fu quelle vaste braccia,

Ond' ei la terra abbraccia,

Or porta la mia gloria ad ogni riva,

Alla mente di Pitt folo s' ascriva.

O perdita fatal ! Di tanto mio

Immenso danno or s' arricchisce il cielo :

Il grand' Eroe perìo

Vittima illustre d'inaudito zelo ;

Mentre con ferma voce il patrio bene

Nel Senato ei sostiene,

S' infiamma sì, che il suo vital vigore

Esala dalle labbra, e sviene, e muore.

Ah !

Ah ! sento, che il mio trono oggi vacilla :

Esce Discordia da' Tartarei chioftri,

La face fua sfavilla,

E i vili cuori accende a' danni noftri,

Così plorava Libertà dolente

Sul Tamigi, e lucente

Striscia fender mirò l'aeree ftrade,

Siccome allor, ch' astro notturno cade.

Il Genio, che dell' Anglia al ben prefiede,

Discendeva con penne agili e pronte

Giù dall' empirea fede :

Due luminosi raggi ha fulla fronte ;

Bellica lancia ei nella destra ferra,

E con la manca afferra

Enorme fcudo, che raffembra eguale

Della Dea Greca all' Egida mortale.

A Libertà

A Libertà s' appressa, e asciugua, disse,
 Augusta Donna, il lagrimoso ciglio :
 Morì il gran Pitt, qual visse,
 Ma resta in vita a tua difesa il Figlio :
 Egli di cinque lustri il corso intero
 Anco non compie, è vero,
 Pur vanta in verde età maturo ingegno,
 Di tanto Padre successor ben degno.

In full' ardua carriera ei move appena,
 E spirti affronta a perturbarti intesi ;
 Colmo di forte lena
 Pugna con molti, e son da lui prostei ;
 Mantien con ferma lance il giusto segno
 Fra i due senati e il regno ;
 E quindi rende più tenace e fodo
 Quello, che te sostien, triplice nodo.

Infìn

Infin colà full' Indico terreno

A splendor va la provida sua mente ;

Impon valido freno

A tirannide ingorda ivi reggente ;

Fa chè l'esule Temi al foglio rieda,

Ch' ella custode fieda

Della pubblica sorte, e al mondo insegni,

Quanto dolce è il servir, dove tu regni.

Che più ? dell' Angle e delle Franche genti

In lega ei stringe l'anime rivali ;

Spegne alfine i recenti

E gli odj antichi ad ambedue fatali :

Mirabil lega, che fu queste arene

Sparge ineshausto bene,

Strade novelle apre all' industria, all' arte,

Ed il tempio crudel ferra di Marte.

Miro

Miro degli anni sotto il fosco manto

Altr' opre, onde tu stessa un dì godrai ;

A consolarti intanto

Della perdita infauſta, io diſſi affai.

Quì tacque il Genio, e s' innalzò dal ſuolo,

Lento ſpiegando il volo ;

Dolcemente guardò l'Anglica Reggia,

Poi ſparve, qual balen che in ciel lampeggia.

British Liberty consoled.

A N

O D E.

WRITTEN BY

COUNT MEDINI,

ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE ACADEMIES OF
FLORENCE AND MANTUA, &c.

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British Liberty consoled.

HOW great was the alarm of British Liberty, when she learned that the soul of the illustrious PITT was restored to Heaven! Her head bound round with a funeral wreath, she so lamented the sorrowful event, that her grief, dissolving itself into tears, discomposed the majesty of her countenance.

“ Alas !” exclaimed she, in plaintive accents,
“ since I lost my throne in Rome, it was through
“ PITT that I established a splendid residence in
“ this isle. I so prided myself on his exertions
“ in my favor, that I forget what I was (under a
“ different aspect) on the banks of the Tiber,
“ where I saw at my feet the spoils of a van-
“ quished world.

“ It was through PITT that my people covered
“ the seas with their armed ships, and that they,
“ more than ever, dictated imperious laws to the
“ waves. It was in vain that the united thunders
“ of two puissant enemies were hurled against
“ them :

“ them : defeated and routed on all sides, the
 “ combined nations owned to the seas the superi-
 “ ority of British power.

“ If the fertile soil of the contested Indies has
 “ augmented our treasures ; if, in the new world,
 “ the English empire has extended itself by pro-
 “ digies of valor ; and if the ocean bears my
 “ glory on the extensive arms with which it clasps
 “ the globe — PITT was the great architect of
 “ these wonders !

“ Oh ! fatal loss. Heaven enriches itself at my
 “ expence ! The hero died an illustrious victim
 “ of an unheard of zeal ! Whilst eloquently thun-
 “ dering in the senate for the public good, his
 “ mind became so inflamed in the glorious cause,
 “ that, his vital vigor exhaling itself through his
 “ lips, he fainted, he died !

“ Alas ! I feel my throne tottering ; I see Discord
 “ quitting the dark domains, and with her blue
 “ torch, kindling coward hearts against me.”

It was thus that Liberty was bewailing her fate
 on the banks of the Thames, when she perceived
 a luminous beam dart through the air, like a
 shooting star plunging in the night.

The

The Genius that presides over the welfare of Britain, with rapid flight, descended from the heavens. Two rays of light appeared on his forehead; in his right hand he held clenched a warlike lance, in his left he bore a buckler, similar to the death-dealing ægis of Minerva.

He accosted Liberty, and thus addressed her—
 “ Wipe off thy tears, august queen! The GREAT
 “ PITT died as he lived; but he has left in his
 “ Son a firm column for thy temple. He has
 “ not numbered his fifth lustre, yet his mind is
 “ equal to every great undertaking, and, in the
 “ spring of life, he will shew himself to be the
 “ worthy successor of so great a father.

“ He scarcely treads the thorny path of poli-
 “ tics, when he meets with minds ripe for dis-
 “ cord: alone he combats against all, and over-
 “ comes them. He preserves the balance be-
 “ tween the two senates and the Sovereign, and
 “ thus wisely consolidates the triple knot that
 “ supports thy glory.

“ The Indian shores will be gladdened by his
 “ abilities. He has curbed tyranny, over-covet-
 “ ous of power. Through his means, Themis,
 “ the exiled Themis, re-ascends her throne, be-
 “ comes

“ comes the guardian of public fate, and points
 “ out to the world how pleasing it is to live
 “ where thou swayest the scepter.

“ He goes still farther. By a close connexion
 “ he unites the rival minds of England and of
 “ France; he extinguishes the ancient and recent
 “ animosities, at all times fatal to both. Won-
 “ derful alliance! It brings to this nation an
 “ inexhaustible mine of wealth; and by throwing
 “ wide the gates of Commerce, opens new ways
 “ for Industry, and shuts up the temple of Mars.

“ I see the womb of Futurity pregnant with
 “ other great deeds, redounding to thy advan-
 “ tage.—I have said enough to console thee for
 “ the loss thou hast sustained.”

The Genius stopped here, rose with dignity
 from the earth, cast a gracious look on the dwell-
 ing of Royalty, and then, like quick lightening,
 vanished from the eye.

